

CHATTANOOGA NEWS

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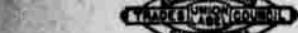
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But Uncle Sam hasn't begun to fight yet.

It is not yet too late to enlist in the war garden movement.

South Dakota mounts the national water wagon. That makes ten.

Farmers coming to town declare that what in this section is looking unusually well.

An exchange remarks that "the worst thing about holding an office is that it is so slippery."

A pig is willing to meet you half way by rooting for a part of his living. Have you a pig?

Must the kids give up Easter egg rolling? War is war—but put it more gently than Gen. Sherman.

Maj. Morant, the famous German newspaper strategist, has gone on a tour of the unknown country.

So much oil is required for the troubled waters that there may be none for the roads this year.

An exchange insinuates that congress has never heretofore turned the clocks forward—always the other way.

That American artillery now at work in France is making a name and fame for itself throughout all Germany.

It is made the duty of the grocer to ascertain whether you have on hand any flour before selling you any more.

This is about the time of year for the periodic admonition to put none but good men on guard in the county courts.

Chattanooga real estate begins to feel the bulge. Conditions are so prosperous about our city that it is bound to affect reality.

No great proportion of American citizens are conscientious objectors, and Uncle Sam does well to respect their scruples against bloodshed.

It would be gratifying to some of us who haven't much faith in socialism if the press and politicians of the country did less to promote it.

There will probably still be time after getting your pay envelope for you to call at some agency at lay in a few thrift stamps. Do it now.

Mr. Aquith proves that he is a good democrat by declaring that he has not resigned the leadership of his party and has no such intention.

Congressman La Guardia, of New York, who is with the army in Italy, declares that he will be a candidate for his old place at Washington.

On relationship between labor and capital for the coming months will depend America's showing. "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

The Memphis Commercial Appeal suggests that the demand for the coinage of 2-cent pieces be amended to make it 2½ cents. A very sensible suggestion.

The news dispatches tell us little as to whether the Russians are being permitted to rest while the Kaiser and Hindenburg are trying to break through to Paris.

America has started in to counter France's order of 1,000,000 footballs for her army. As a beginning, 140,000 baseball bats have been mobilized for American use in France.

Since Switzerland has no ships to be taken over, it is easier for it to remain neutral. Germany relieved the worry of the little mountain country by sinking all the vessel it had.

Investigations are of great economic advantage to the investigators. The investigation of the deportation of citizens of Elbe, Ariz., nearly ten months ago, is still in progress.

Florida gets a good deal of free advertising these days. Just now she is doing her bit toward feeding the south—and the country—by shipping cabbage to the markets further north.

The Dayton Herald is generous. It reckons that there is one republican official in Rhea county who might be permitted to hold on to his job. And that particular one is a cripple and a harmless sort of fellow.

A requirement that department clerks work as much as eight hours a day, which passed the house as a provision of the agricultural appropriation bill, was struck out by the senate. The senate is not very strong on work.

NO REASON TO BE DISCOURAGED.

Even though the Germans may have attained an advantage at one point in their area of assault, there is no reason to fear any great calamity to the allied cause.

It will be remembered that only four months ago the British right in this same Cambrai region broke through the German front and captured six thousand prisoners and several hundred guns. The victory was hailed in Great Britain as the greatest of the war.

The bells pealed out in London. Byng was the popular hero of the day, and speedily promoted to be lieutenant-general. But by projecting itself in the form of a sharp wedge into German territory close to Cambrai, the British found themselves in an exceedingly dangerous position. The enemy proceeded to organize a formidable assault on both flanks, north and south, and in front. They struck effectively, and the British victory was turned into defeat.

Now Von Hindenburg's forces find themselves in relatively similar position. They have, it would seem, broken the British defense at St. Quentin. They are advancing through the gap. But they will not likely be able to push through enough forces to advance far. When they have been stopped, and seek to organize the ground occupied, they will be exposed to attack from three sides, just as were the British when near Cambrai.

Therefore, we do not believe we have reached the time when the crisis in the battle has come. Let us not be discouraged. The next few days will almost certainly bring news very much more optimistic than that which we are compelled to print today. On the north the British lines now are holding. No attack in such force has been made on the French. The Germans have chosen for their point of assault the part of the great trench line where British and French forces meet. They are within sixty or seventy miles of Paris. The fruits of a complete victory would be incalculable. But the millions of defenders will close in about the invaders no matter where they advance. The retreat is said to be in good order and to prepared lines in the rear.

And what is Haig likely to do? Look for a report of a British counter-offensive in Flanders, or of the French at Soissons, Rheims or in the Verdun region. Be assured that all the attack will not be left alone to the enemy. The strategy of warfare now calls for activity on our side as against the enemy. In munitions and even in men the allies have the advantage.

To visualize this great battle of the nations is difficult. The attack was said to have been on a front of sixty miles. That breaks the record in warfare. The line is twelve times as long as that at Chickamauga or Gettysburg. But even with all that it is not long enough to mean that the results are necessarily decisive. From the shores of the North sea to the foot of the Alps is four hundred miles.

Courage! Whatever occurs today no despot will be permitted long to ride over the breasts of free men.

PREPARE SOIL WELL.

In the days of our dads, the period from wheat harvest to "laying-by" time was the busiest season of the year on the farm. Though the heat was oppressive, every minute was precious—and loss of time sometimes fatal—in working out the crops if a good yield was to be expected. But better methods prevail now. The farmer, who does not enjoy the sultry weather of mid-summer much better than other folks, is doing more and more of his cultivating before he plants his crops. He can work in greater comfort thus early in the season, and he can get at all portions of the soil without interrupting the growing plants. On a soil made fine by working before the seed is planted, the problem of after-cultivation is a comparatively simple one. Stressing the point of a thorough preparation of the soil before planting, the Progressive Farmer declares:

"Seed this year are too scarce and high-priced to take any unnecessary risks in the matter of getting stands; likewise fertilizers are costing too much for us to allow valuable plant foods to remain locked up and useless in clods.

"On most of our clay and clay loam soils, clods are one of the southern farmer's worst enemies. However rich a soil may be in plant foods, these are worthless until they are in solution. In other words, a field of clods is about as fit a home for plants as a field of bricks. Not only this, but perfect stands among clods are almost impossible, resulting in a heavy loss of seeds, poor stands and the consequent loss from a failure to utilize all the land in the field.

"An ounce of clod prevention is worth a pound of clod-cure. In other words, pulverize the surface immediately behind the breaking plow, and the job of working with clods is done with. Let them break hard, on the other hand, and it is difficult indeed ever to put the soil in the shape it should be in if the best possible crops are to be made.

"Our most neglected farm implement, is what many authorities say of the harrow; and we agree, especially on all the stiffer lands of the south. And to use the harrow to best advantage it must be used in time. On stiff soils that tend to break up in clods, the disc harrow ahead of the breaking plow is remarkably efficient as a clod-preventer. Then, if necessary, follow the breaking plow immediately with the disc and drag harrows, and there will be a rule for few clods left.

"Don't wrestle with clods this year; make a real seed-bed before you plant.

It sometimes happens that a farmer, like many of the rest of us, has not adopted the most improved methods of doing his work. For the benefit of such, if there yet be any, we pass along these suggestions from those who have studied their application.

It is absolutely indispensable that every possible pound of foodstuff be grown this year. We want to co-operate in the task if there is any way we can.

Samuel G. Blythe predicts that the republicans, in 1920, will nominate either Roosevelt, Weeks, Lowden, Borah, Johnson or Whitman. Sam seems unable to find anything interesting to write about.

The best argument for the purchase of first stamps and liberty bonds is on our first page. The American people have never been awed by discouragement in war. They will more determinedly rally to the government today.

Perhaps the solution of the shipping problem lies in the use of concrete. According to late reports a concrete ship may be poured and the hull completed in thirty days. They have proved seaworthy. What a splendid possibility lies along this line.

Heat waves and "holes" in the air have been frequently mentioned by those engaged in the flying game, though they have not been very well explained. But they are a feature of the situation which must be reckoned with until, as our hero observes, one ascends beyond the reach of such mundane disturbances.

Breezing along, as this young man describes it, at a rate of 140 miles an hour, with the thermometer 50 degrees below, is quite an exhilarating experience, and a battle at 20,000 feet, nearly four miles above the earth, ought to interest the most spectacular. This experience may soon become a comparatively common one, but at that it seems worth living a lifetime to enjoy.

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FIGHTING IN THE AIR.

We had somewhat to say yesterday, in these columns, with respect to army air service and the character of men required to perform it. Reading from a story of a young New York lieutenant, who has seen service with the Lafayette escadrille in France, is our excuse for advertising to the subject again. This young man gives some thrilling and interesting descriptions of his experiences as an actual fighter in the air. He declares that a fight is usually over in twenty seconds—that what one does must be done quickly.

"One-third of a minute after contact with the enemy machine means victory or defeat, and in nine cases out of ten life or death for you." This, he explains, means that in that time you have gained or lost the offensive, which carries victory with it. As to methods of fighting and sensations and experiences in high altitudes, he says:

"I suppose every military aviator develops his own method of handling his machine in maneuvering and in attack. No two fights are ever alike, and you are constantly meeting with new situations. Differences in altitude might seem to account for this in some measure, but this has not been true in my work. I have fought up as high as 20,000 feet, and I can assure you that it is no different than a combat at 1,000 feet.

"For fighting at high altitude we were well dressed, as the cold is very severe. During the winter months at 15,000 feet altitude it is about 50 below zero. When we are breezing along at the rate of 140 miles per hour it gets pretty fresh. We wear a sealskin lined one-piece combination, fur-lined boots, gloves and helmet. We have a preparation that we rub on our faces to keep the exposed parts from freezing. We also carry oxygen tubes, as the air is very rare above 16,000 feet. We have rubber tubes, and when we get to feeling a little giddy we stick this tube in our mouths and blow ourselves up. One charge of oxygen will last about fifteen minutes. At the end of that time, if you remain at the high altitude, you have to take another whiff out of the bottle.

"One does not notice the altitude, only the lightness of the air makes one gasp for breath once in a while. The air is very calm above 10,000 feet, but in warm weather one gets shaken up pretty badly, up to 7,000 feet, by heat waves. In my own case I soon got used to flying, and I felt just as much at home in the air as on the ground."

Breezing along, as this young man describes it, at a rate of 140 miles an hour, with the thermometer 50 degrees below, is quite an exhilarating experience, and a battle at 20,000 feet, nearly four miles above the earth, ought to interest the most spectacular. This experience may soon become a comparatively common one, but at that it seems worth living a lifetime to enjoy.

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BUSINESS PRINCIPLES.

The following extract from the Smithville Review is another indication of the direction of prevailing political winds:

"From every section of the state comes the appeal to the people for business men of known capacity to be elected to the next general assembly. The state must turn from the road to bankruptcy and disgrace to the highway of prosperity and no time should be lost in changing its course. Matters of supreme importance to the happiness and prosperity of our people will rest in the hands of the next legislature. Unless we are represented by men of proven honor and ability, who could hope for improved conditions?"

Some folks may be inclined to see a funny side to the foregoing on account of the fact that the editor of the Review is a candidate for the legislature but we do not see it that way. It only goes to show that he is keenly alive to the situation and fully abreast of the demand for reform.

The Review is correct in its diagnosis, that "business men of known capacity" should be chosen as governor and legislators. But the fact that a man has succeeded in business is not enough. He should take the public into his confidence and state clearly his conception of the situation and the remedies which he proposes.

Business men are needed, but we are not so much interested in how and where a candidate acquired his business acumen as we are in how he means to apply it in administering our affairs and solving our problems. Business principles are even more needed than business men.

Rumania's first diplomatic representative is in this country. He is in much the same attitude as some others of the diplomatic corps. He is never quite sure that on waking in the morning he will have any country to represent.

Little by little it is coming to be understood that it is ever so much better to route shipments by way of southern ports than to have them indefinitely delayed by congestion at New York. The idea of efficiency seems to be gaining, even if slowly.

TO THE EDITOR

(Communications in this department represent the views of the writers. All matters of public interest may be discussed briefly.)

At Camp Jackson.

Editor The News:

The present war has fostered a great many people throughout the country from pillar to post. It has taken tens of thousands of men and women from one state to another, and even from one continent to another. It has taken them suddenly from one occupation, and set them at another, sometimes on double-quick time.

The writer happened to be one of many that the conditions caused by this war of all wars, fostered out of home, and started on a new line of endeavor, without scarcely knowing where the world put him. He is now in the great big state of Ohio last week, a telegram came bearing these words: "Go to Columbia, S. C. Letter there."

In a few hours I was on my way to Columbia, the capital city of South Carolina. Columbia certainly reminds one of a place that has never been here before, a great deal of the old south—the south of nearly a century ago—many of the homes in the residential part of the city are old, old-time southern homes. There are still many of the old style large two-story residences, with square fronts, double porches, and large colonial columns. Some of the old schools in the southern land are now to be found at Columbia, S. C. Among them is the Presbyterian seminary, founded 1828, ninety years ago. It is very easy and natural for a stranger coming to Columbia to think—and to think seriously—of the stormy days of reconstruction, and recall to mind such notable characters as Wade Hampton and M. C. Butler, prominently connected with the reconstruction history, and the days of the Ku Klux Klan, closely following the end of the war between the states.

The government is now erecting a new building, a magnificent building across the street from Capital square.

One of Uncle Sam's cantonments—Camp Jackson—is located about six miles from Columbia. The cantonment is built upon a nice elevation. The soil is sandy, and allows the water to both run off and run into the earth. It is sanitary and healthy. The invigorating breezes blow through the tops of the southern pines that surround the camp.

I have met several acquaintances from Tennessee since I came here, who are now stationed at Camp Jackson. One of them, in Columbia, told me that on one day, when on the postoffice steps I met a handsome young man from our own Chattanooga, Capt. Phil Whitaker. I think Gen. Whitaker should be mighty proud of his brilliant looking son, called to service under the Stars and Stripes. I have seen other young men from Chattanooga while here, and I was especially pleased to meet our most distinguished fighting soldier and statesman, Hon. James R. Frazier.

While at Camp Jackson, I have met several of the sons of my former neighbors from Rhea county, including "Lafayette" of John Morgan, Dayton, Tenn.; Clyde Spivey, also of Dayton, and Allen Marler, J. L. Day, John Acuff, J. T. Thurman, Hank Smith and others.

These Rhea county boys are all in the same branch of service and all in the same regiment, the 324th Infantry. They are a husky lot of young men, in excellent health and fine spirits, keen and alert, and well in training for human liberty and democracy.

C. A. DAGLEY, Columbia, S. C.

A Good Bill.

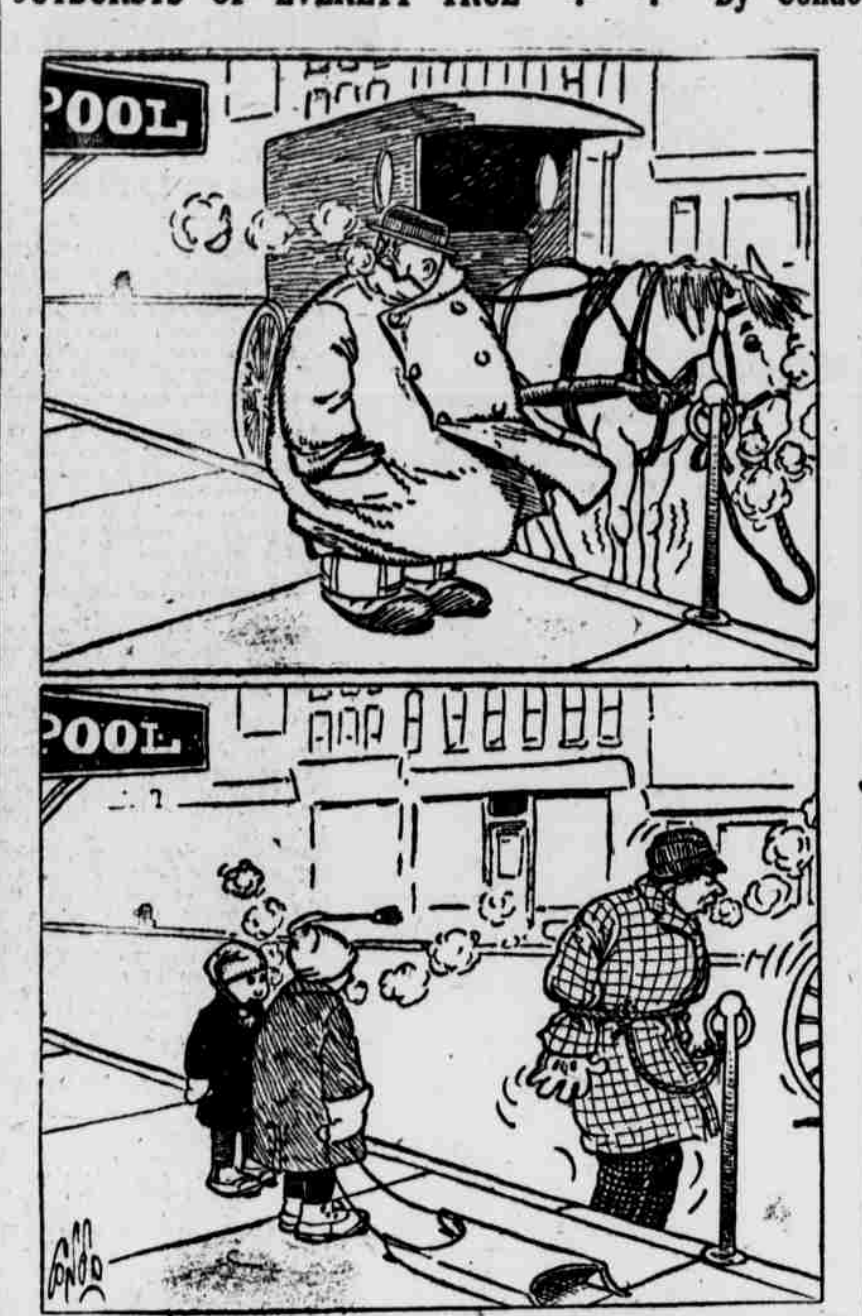
(Jacksonville Times-Union.) Chairman Sears of the committee on education, has introduced in the house a bill proposing an appropriation of \$50,000,000 a year to establish for graduates of the high schools scholarships in institutions that teach military training. The scholarships are to be given as a result of competitive examinations, so there will be no chance of favoritism. The fund is to be divided between the states in proportion to their population between the ages of 16 and 20, inclusive.

It is proposed that each holder of a scholarship be given from this fund \$500 a year to be used in paying board and incidental expenses, the tuition to be free.

The educational advantages of this plan are apparent. There is need to consider only its military advantages. A great many people in this country favor compulsory military training. This would take at least 1,000,000 of

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE

By Condo



THE JARR FAMILY

By Roy L. McCardell

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"Who's the letter from?" asked Mrs. Jarr, as Mr. Jarr opened the one letter that came in the morning mail for him. "Hem!" said Mr. Jarr. "It's from—why, yes—it's from Mr. Dinkston."

"Where is he, somewhere in France?" Mrs. Jarr inquired. "Has he a commission? Did he enlist? Was he drafted? Is he in the army or the navy?"

"No," replied Mr. Jarr, interrupting the flow of interrogations, "Dinkston is in jail."

"In jail?" Mrs. Jarr repeated, startled. "What's the place for him?" remarked Mrs. Jarr, coldly. "I never had any use for that man. What has he committed?"

"Alimony, I believe," Mr. Jarr replied. "But he writes that we must not mention it, especially if we call to see him at the jail."

"Well, I am glad he is ashamed of what he has done, not supporting his wife by paying her the allowance the court decrees. And he should be ashamed of it!"

"I think you misunderstand him," remarked Mr. Jarr. "I gather from his letter that Dinkston is supposed to be a spy, a burglar or a murderer. The others in the jail can't just exactly make out what he is, as the warden and keepers like Dink and keep his guilty secret."

"Why, do you mean to tell me that man is proud of being in jail, and only wishes to see his fellow jailbirds knowing it is for contempt of court in nonpayment of alimony?"

"Something like that," said Mr. Jarr. "In fact, Dink writes that the influential, or, vulgar, element believe he is a noted safebreaker. It gives him standing next to being a popular burglar, he writes. But the high-class burglars are not a bad sort either, he says. They are courteous to all who have a long criminal record, and even to beginners, where it is not some petty offense—such as sneaking."

"I hope he stays in jail, a man who can talk, or rather write, like that," remarked Mrs. Jarr, grimly. "He needn't write to you to beg you to help him. I won't let you."

our population a year from industry. If their earnings, if employed on an average, would amount to only \$500 a year, this would mean a loss to the country of a half billion dollars a year. It would make every man in the United States a soldier, and there is no need for every man in the United States to be a soldier.

On the other hand, there are those who would increase the strength of our regular army, which cost us in time of peace nearly \$1,000 per man. If the number were increased to half a million men, the cost of the army would be half a billion dollars a year. Now, let's see what Mr. Sears' plan would do. It would furnish about 62,500 trained soldiers a year, and this would amount to 625,000 trained men between the ages of 21 and 30, inclusive. These men, in time of peace, would be engaged in their regular work, adding to the productive power of the country, but, in case of war, they would furnish a ready-trained army of 625,000 men at a cost in time of peace of \$50,000,000 a year, which is about half as much as our regular army, only one-sixth as large, has been costing in time of peace. If we continued to employ a regular army of 100,000 men at the old cost, the cost for the 725,000 men would be only \$150,000,000 a year, and the 625,000 ready but not in the service would be adding to the wealth of the nation as much as a billion dollars a year, instead of being merely a consumer of wealth.

We are having some experience in sending men across the ocean, and, as it would be as difficult for an enemy to send them across as it is for us to send them, all who think now know that an army of 725,000 men ready for service could capture any invaders as fast as they could get across. If we were fighting across the ocean, we could not send more than 60,000 men across a month. This means we would have ready on the declaration of war 725,000 soldiers—as many as we could send across the ocean in a year. If more were needed, we could train in a year as many more as we wished, and they would be ready in every way by the time our trained soldiers were across.

This is by far the best military bill we have seen, and we hope congress will prove its wisdom by enacting it. It would save us for \$150,000,000 as

"Oh, he doesn't want to get out," said Mr. Jarr. "In fact, he says he is never so comfortable. His cell is large and light and airy, he says, and he doesn't think he can ever exist in a hall bedroom again. The food, he says, is scientifically prepared, and is a balanced ration suitably selected for those of sedentary habits; the company is select, but not aloof, and one, he writes, who has the good fortune to be in jail leads a sheltered life. No need to worry about the coal shortage or the high cost of living. It is, in fact, the true socialism. One seems removed from the bitter struggle for existence one meets out in the world under the capitalist system. Then, too, he says, one is not annoyed, even the most class-conscious, by the smug dominance of the bourgeoisie."

"The man writes the same nonsense he talks!" snapped Mrs. Jarr. "Let him say what he will, and let him talk all the silly gibberish he wishes. He is in jail, and that's one good thing about it, for a lot of reasons."

"Why, yes," replied Mr. Jarr, "he agrees with you in that. He says he wishes he had known of a nice quiet jail like this long ago. His morals are guarded."

"Mrs. Jarr sniffed in high disdain. "His morals are guarded, he writes," Mr. Jarr went on, "because there are no cabarets with their excitements and incitements to animalism with sinister dancing and jazz music. There is no liquor, or late hours in jail, he says. One is not annoyed with the irritations of a cruel economic condition that bears so hard on the debtor classes. No bill collectors are allowed to annoy those in jail, says Dinkston."

"It's too bad about him!" sneered Mrs. Jarr. "He should have been in jail long ago, if he likes it so much."

"Yes, he suggests that he may evolve a jail course by correspondence when he comes out. One can have a private jail at home, under his proposed plan, and thus get all its benefits without the expense of going to court and hiring a lawyer," remarked Mr. Jarr. "That's what Dinkston writes me about."

"I'll tell his wife he likes it in jail; she'll fix him!" said Mrs. Jarr. "I'm afraid not," replied Mr. Jarr. "Dinkston writes that every time his wife writes to him he sends out word he's not in."

large number of trained men we could employ under our old method for \$500,000,000, and it would not take our most active and energetic young men from production."

CHAPLAIN OWENS TO ILLUSTRATE WAR LECTURES

Celebration of Passion Week by Illustrating the Life of Jesus of Nazareth.

Beginning Sunday, March 24, Chaplain Owens of the Sixth U. S. Infantry will give a series of illustrated lectures on the life of Jesus of Nazareth. In celebration of Passion week. These lectures will be given each evening at 7 at Y. M. C. A. building 26, opposite Brotherton house.

These lectures are an adaptation from "The Literary and Historical Life of Jesus of Nazareth," by Oscar Lee Owens, Ph. D. (Hopkins University), and are illustrated with colored stereoscopic views from such artists as Hols, Tissot, Planchard and Hoffman. Appropriate illustrated songs will be used in connection with the lectures.

Following is a list of subjects: Sunday, March 24—"The Life of Jesus from Infancy to the Triumphal Entry." Monday—"A Day of Divine Authority." Tuesday—"A Day of Misrepresentation and Conflict." Wednesday—"A Day of Retirement and Rest." Thursday—"The Last Day With His Disciples." Friday—"The Day of Suffering and Death." Saturday—"The Day of Watching and Waiting." Sunday—"The Day of Resurrection and Life."

While this series of lectures is arranged especially for the members of the Sixth U. S. Infantry, a cordial invitation is extended to all soldiers and civilians to be present when possible.

Dr. J. E. Strecker

Chronic and Special Diseases